

Half the man he used to be



Pa: Roland W. Peterson

Dedicated to my retired colleagues

Seated in the big hall
I see them enter all

Familiar faces
That peculiar walk
They come from different
places
There is Silent Slim and
then Pedro Big Talk

Then the door opens
Slowly, very slowly
he enters
His hands are shaking
A colleague rushes
to help

There he stood
with that captivating smile
and that mischievous
twinkle in his eyes
But just a shadow of the
man he used to be

My thoughts drift
back to the day
when the door
would burst open
Standing ten feet tall
always with a joke
as he would enter

Oh... how well do
I remember
Running in dark
alleys
Jumping high fences
and sliding off
slippery roofs
Now he is just the
shadow of the man
he used to be

He stretches out his
hands to me
I give him the big
“Abrazo”
I then notice
that my old buddy
is really less than
half the man
he used to be.